

THE REGISTER



Boston Latin School

April, 1910

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R E G I S T E R

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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXIX., No. 7

APRIL, 1910

ISSUED MONTHLY

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THE WAY OF A SOLDIER.

(*A Tale of the Spanish War.*)

"Donk" Clarkson was a queer chap. In the first place his very physical make-up was deceptive. Considerably less than six feet in height, slight of build and rather stoop-shouldered in appearance, nevertheless he proved agile and wiry upon closer inspection, had a clear eye, steel-blue and flashing fire at times when touched by the flint of anger, a determined mouth, and above all, from his towseled black hair down to his old cow-hide boots he was all pure grit. He had a strong character too,—and an indomitable will. When Clarkson set his mind on anything, really set his foot

down hard, he usually brought it about or—well something had to "bust." This the reader can better judge for himself by the story being related just as it actually occurred. But there was one other fact concerning Clarkson that worried and fretted him more than all the vicissitudes and struggles of a hard campaign. It was the one great blight in his life; the one thing that filled the poor fellow's cup of bitterness to overflowing. "Donk" Clarkson was deaf! He was as deaf as the proverbial door-nail. "Donk" had not come into this world of mingled joys and sorrows with the sense of hear-

ing gone. It had been the unhappy result of some childhood fall, or sickness, and the subsequent lack of proper medical attendance. This much Clarkson had learned from his mother just before her death when he was still a mere stripling. A year later his unhappy father had likewise passed into the Great Beyond. Clarkson found himself alone in the pitiless world. He never told us how he managed to eke out an existence in the ten or more odd years that followed. Certain it is he had wandered with more or less success from one trade to another.

February, 1898, found Clarkson working over ten hours a day in a small bakery in Philadelphia for little or no pay and with scant hope of advancement. On the morning of the sixteenth, happening to pick up a cast-aside newspaper on a park bench, he eagerly read the news that in twenty-four hours was to incite the entire American people to cries for vengeance upon Spain. The battleship "Maine" had been blown up in the harbor of Santiago! Clarkson felt his nerves tingle and the blood rush his veins in nervous, jerking, throbs. He read every word in that glowing newspaper account over twice, and then once again. Two hundred and fifty-three American sailors blown to eternity by the crafty Spaniards!

Clarkson worked that day with feverish energy. For two months he yearned and cried out for war with millions of other patriotic Americans. At last on April 23rd the President called for 125,000 volunteers. Clarkson spent a night in feverish anxiety. He felt that he was physically fitted for any possible tests; his eye-sight was perfect, but—and the poor fellow had groaned in despair.

Then Clarkson thought, thought hard. Perhaps any recruiting questions might be on paper, or if he must answer verbally he might at least watch the lips of his examiner closely.

It may be hard to believe; it may seem impossible. The fact remains. Clarkson was accepted in the service of his country. Even then there had been over a month of anxious waiting and delay. Might he not even yet be cast off?

At last on June 14th the transports sailed from Tampa. Clarkson watched the low-lying coasts of Florida fade away on the dim horizon, with happy tears of joy. It was too late to send him back now! A few weeks, or maybe days, and he would be one of the brave force of men about him to follow that grand old flag at the masthead above him through the smoke, the flame, the carnage of battle. And looking up at the waving folds of red and white and blue,—his country's flag,—he thanked his Maker that it was not the sense of sight at least, of which he had been bereft.

A week passed and they sighted the shores of Cuba. On the 23rd, protected by the guns of the fleet, they landed at Siboney, only ten miles from doomed Santiago. Then, under General Lawton, had come that cautious and judicious advance, soon after followed by the dash forward at Las Guasimas. Clarkson had come to love the arid smell of powder now; he watched with strange fascination the flashes from the guns of the enemy; in exultation he felt the quiver of his own weapon as it discharged the deadly ball; he loaded, fired, and re-loaded, and watched the skulking figures of the hated Spaniards reel and fall, with

a strange coolness, terrifying, even brutal.

One day his comrades made a strange discovery. A sudden charge across the open had been made upon a strongly entrenched body of Spaniards. Suddenly observing a strong reinforcement coming up in the enemy's rear, the American commander had ordered a quick retreat. Clarkson, well in the van of the charge as usual, had of course failed to hear the ringing notes of the bugle and the shouts of his comrades, and he had almost reached the enemy's entrenchments when he turned his head supposedly to look down the advancing line and—

Clarkson gasped in amazement. Scarcely twenty yards away across some broken ground were the enemy's temporary earthworks belching forth a hail of death, but not an American trooper could he see within pistol shot. The poor fellow, unmanned for the instant, but only for the instant, uttered one little choking sob of anguish; then he smiled scornfully at the enemy, dropped suddenly down beside a welcome rock and lay there very, very still. At dusk, some hours later, the Americans, themselves reinforced, had charged again, driving the enemy in headlong flight. That night, when the officer of the day called the roll and made out the long list of casualties, Clarkson, given up for dead, turned up beaming as ever. Then his story had to be told at last. There were exclamations of amazement. His deafness all along had been attributed more to plain everyday stupidity than to defective hearing. Somebody accordingly raised the name "Donkey" Clarkson, but whether it was for Clarkson's resemblance to that animal's "kicking" propensities, or because of some vague con-

nexion concerning that common organ of man and beast called the ear, nobody knew nor did anybody care. And just after "taps," when the murky red-and-yellow sky denoted the approach of darkness, and the blazing campfires shone among the deeper shadows in long tongues of quivering flame, Captain Fowler suggested "three times three" for 'Donkey' Clarkson as a tribute to as brave a man as there was in the troop." The cheers were given with a vim, and as the last reverberating echo died away in the distance, "Donk" Clarkson, blushing profusely in spite of his deep tan, happily confided to the old army blanket as he lay down for the night that "it was worth the name." And "Donk" he was, from that night on.

Santiago fell at last on July 17, 1898. The destruction of the Spanish fleet and the capture of the garrison having been completed, the expedition to Porto Rico became the next object of immediate importance. Reports from the regimental commanders, however, proving that no regiment then in Cuba was totally free from infection of the yellow fever, orders were given that none of the 17,000 men then on the island, should see service in Porto Rico. The troops left on the transports and at Tampa, must be called upon. Clarkson heard, or rather learned this disappointing news with despair. He had freely volunteered for service against Spain. Scarcely four months had passed and he was out of it all. He might as well be languishing helpless in a Spanish prison. "Donk" Clarkson did some thinking. The army for the expedition against Porto Rico was at present being rendezvoused at Guantanamo Harbor some thirty miles east. Clarkson made up his mind. The

night following the surrender of Santiago, he quietly left camp.

On the afternoon of July 21st the American fleet of transports sailed for Porto Rico after four days of most active preparation. "Donk" Clarkson, smiling, triumphant, stood on the upper deck of one of the little vessels, looking westward towards Santiago where were camped over 17,000 Americans in enforced idleness. Clarkson never advertised his private affairs. "What people don't know, won't hurt them" was his motto. Let it suffice to say that "Donk," cool as ever, like a spar tossed in an angry sea, came out on top in the end, ready for new troubles. And they came.

In the company which Clarkson had last joined, fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, there chanced to be a certain officer, who, appointed more through political "pull" and influence than through any personal ability, no doubt, made it a point to ridicule poor "Donk" and to make things uncomfortable in general. The dislike was quite mutual. The officer, Lieutenant Pearson, was of large, muscular build, a great deal more brawny and braggardly than brave; of a haughty, domineering disposition; and with deep-set gray eyes that glittered and chilled like those of a snake, showing a certain crafty cunning, which Clarkson—a keen judge of human nature,—immediately set down as the man's worst trait. The feeling between the two men grew stronger. Restrained now by the deadly difference in rank, nevertheless "Donk" Clarkson promised himself that some day he would meet the sneering coward on something nearer equal terms. The chance came in a way neither man little expected.

After the landing of the troops at

Gaunica in Southern Porto Rico, on July 25th, and the subsequent capture of Ponce, three days later, the operations were carried on with increased vigor. Steadily, interrupted only now and then by desperate skirmishes, with fateful certainty, the men in blue subdued the southern part of the island and kept on to the Northeast. General Wilson, having pushed his troops forward on the road to San Juan, on August 7th, occupied a line across a narrow hill and tree-choked valley about seven and a half miles beyond the village of Juana Diaz. The enemy had a force of about 2,000 troops at Aibonito, thirty-five miles from Ponce, with an advanced position at Coamo, where it was estimated there were 400 men. This advanced position could not be taken by direct assault without great loss. General Wilson, therefore, decided to send the 16th Pennsylvania Volunteers under Colonel Hulings, by mountain cross-trails which were known to be exceedingly difficult and hazardous, over the divide into the valley of the Coamo River, so as to reach the main road in the rear of Coamo early in the morning of the ninth.

It was late in the afternoon of the eighth that Clarkson's company made that one final desperate charge against the enemy near Coamo. It was useless. "Donk" Clarkson saw men fall to right and left; saw human forms lying thick about him in that sickening, huddled fashion; it was a slaughter. He remembered aiming his piece at a dark-visaged, leering Spaniard. Then suddenly a shell exploded only a few yards behind him. He felt a sharp pain in his head, like the quick stab of a hot knife behind his ear,—he saw the flashes of the enemy's rifles; the flashes merged into one great

wall of flame; his head swam; he felt his knees crumple beneath him; he imagined that the trampled ground rose to meet

him; then all was blackness; he felt himself sinking, sinking,—and he knew no more. (*To be Continued.*)

PRISE DRILL.

Prize Drill Day, Friday, April 1, occurred this year somewhat earlier in the season than in recent years. Nevertheless, despite a day so early in spring, and the very ominousness of the date itself, the "great day" was a complete success. With the sun shining brightly, the streets in perfect condition, and just enough breeze stirring to start the enthusiasm, the day was one of which any weather man might well be proud.

Promptly at 12.15 the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 2nd Regiment assembled in the drill hall, while the 3rd Battalion drew up in order on Warren avenue. By a special petition of the captains of the regiment, the drill began at one o'clock instead of two in order not to have two companies drilling on the floor at the same time. This year the line of march was somewhat changed, being through the yards of the English High and the Boston Latin Schools, to and through Dartmouth street and then straight down Huntington avenue.

The Latin School Regiment this year is the largest in the history of the school, composed of three battalions—thirteen companies in all. This year is the first appearance of the new 3rd Battalion, composed of members of the fourth class, who have been put through a new and separate course of military training under Lieut. Ranlett, the assistant instructor. The drilling of this battalion has been in the North Armory on Irvington street. The organization has been

handicapped by a brief term of preparation and by constant but necessary changes in the roster of officers; yet a surprisingly high degree of efficiency has been attained. This battalion carried no arms, but, instead of the regular manual, exemplified the new Boston High School Sitting-Up Exercise. The entire regiment appeared without roundabouts and scabbards.

The drill began promptly at one o'clock by the junior company drill, Co. L, Capt. M. W. Adams; Co. I, Capt. H. S. Potter; Co. M, Capt. A. H. Onthank; Co. K, Capt. P. J. Conlon; Co. N, Capt. M. W. Cole, appeared in the order named. All presented a "snappy" exhibition, companies I, M and N being close rivalry.

The real contests of the day began between the more experienced "pony" companies—Co. F, Capt. T. J. Keliher, Jr.; Co. H, Capt. J. Sisonsky, and Co. G, Capt. G. F. Marsh, Jr., all exhibiting a high standard.

The preliminary round of the individual drill, under Capt. R. G. Wilson, Jr., marked by its extremely long duration; and the exhibition drill of the Drum Corps under Drum Major, R. C. Harrington, followed. During the latter exhibition the members in their manoeuvres featured the letter L.

Twenty-six cadets were entered in the individual drill. The Senior Company contest was the closest of the afternoon. Co. A, Capt. S. H. Ayer, Jr.; Co. E,

Capt. L. F. Fowler; Co. C, Capt. W. A. Perrins, Jr.; Co. D, Capt. A. J. Reardon, and Co. B, Capt. J. C. Macneill, appeared and were greeted with enthusiastic applause.

Then, followed the concluding round of the individual drill, in which only nine contestants remained from the preceding round. Quartermaster Wilson soon escorted smiling Colonel Macneill to "the front and center." Judging by the applause, Co. B's victory was a popular one. The entire regiment then marched into the hall for the salute of the colors and for evening parade. These closing ceremonies, which have of late years at least, been omitted in the High School drills in Mechanics' Building, proved a most fitting and attractive closing for the day. The officers, "guide center," one long line of some thirty-eight officers, marching down the hall was an impressive sight.

Dr. Scannell of the School Board, assisted by Mr. Pennypacker, awarded the prizes, the results of which were as follows:

Junior Company Drill.

First Prize, Co. N, Capt. M. W. Cole.
Second Prize, Co. M, Capt. A. H. Onthank.

Pony Company Drill.

Co. G, Capt. G. H. Marsh, Jr.

Senior Company Drill.

First Prize, Co. B, Capt. C. Macneill.

Second Prize, Co. C, Capt. W. A. Perrins, Jr.

Individual Drill.

First Prize, Sergeant M. J. Logan.

Second Prize, Sergeant A. N. Evans.

Honorable Mention, Sergeants J. A. Ewing, J. J. Sullivan, A. A. Tate, and G. B. Dukeshire.

Prize for Bugling—C. G. Severy.

Honorable Mention, W. B. Kroetzch, Jr.

Prize for Drumming—J. A. Frohock.

Honorable Mention, E. S. Monro.

The judges were: Capt. A. Easton of the Twenty-ninth, U. S. A. Infantry, Capt. E. E. Davidson, Lieut. H. W. Soule, and Capt. Frank Wilson, the last three of the M. V. M.

The Committee of Arrangements comprised, Capt. R. G. Wilson, Jr., Capt. J. C. Macneill, Capt. T. J. Keliher, Jr., Lieut. F. Pooler, Lieut. R. K. Randall, Lieut. P. M. Mazur and Lieut. G. W. Frost.

Lieut.-Colonel Benyon was unfortunately unable to be present, owing to illness.

QUEER CREATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

To one, like me, who has lived all his life at the top of four flights of creaking stairs, that wriggle down to a very crooked street where never a bit of green is seen the whole year round, unless it be a green head of cabbage in "Cheap John's" window, or, perchance, the head

of "Cheap John" himself, who, if rumors be true, is as green as he is fat, and as fat as he is thick, and as thick as the wooden leg of mutton that hangs above his shop-door—to one, I say, who has never been away from the city where he was born, the country is like a new

world, and a strange and wonderful world, too, you may be sure.

It was my good fortune to spend a few days in the country last summer with an uncle of whom I am ever reminded by the sight of an ample pair of well-patched overalls; and never shall I forget that trip.

As I stepped from the train, at the tiny red station with a little piazza for a platform, and a little old man for a station-master, a great loneliness came over me to see such a waste of land all around. No homes, no people as far as the eye could see; only some ragged hypocrites—or scare-crows, as they called them there—standing idly in the vast fields, for no other purpose, than to make the people who pass on the railway, think this a populous and thriving community. But the saddest, most discouraging thing about this place, was the absence of electric cars, such as they have in the city. Indeed, not even their tracks could I find; and my destination lay some two or three miles off, at the end of a hot, dusty road, which the little old station-master pointed out to me with a crooked finger and the words “straight ahead.”

However, there was nothing else for it. I stuffed my baggage into my pocket again—for I had just been mopping my face with it—said good-day to the old station-master, who had fallen asleep, and was soon well upon my way in a great cloud of dust. But it was a weary, weary journey, I can tell you. Look where I would, there was nothing but dust and fields and space, stretching far off to where the sky touched the earth.

I plodded steadily on for a long time. Strangely enough, however, the landscape did not seem to change at all; but

remained just the same as when I started—sky, fields, and dust. That, I thought, was very queer. I had never heard of the like in the city, and I began to wonder what I should do, if by walking I could not even get away from the starting-place.

I was very tired from walking by now, however, so I decided to lie down by the wayside, and take a nap before proceeding. Then it was I found what a delightful place the country is to sleep in. The soft, sweet grass, the pleasant shade of a tree, the gentle lullaby of rustling leaves, and the cooling breeze withal, charmed me; and I was fast asleep before I could wink an eye-lid twice.

How long I slept, I do not know, but I became conscious, at length, of a peculiar, tickling sensation on the bridge of my nose; and while yet I lay in a state between sleeping and waking, with “Alice Through the Looking-glass” in my thoughts, perhaps, I dreamt, or imagined, that the little lizard of the jury who had lost his pencil and had been forced to write with his finger instead, had lost his slate, too, and in his misfortune was trying to write all over my decent organ. This made me start up quickly, for I had no desire to go about forever with a noseful of court-room evidence in my possession; and so I quite woke up and opened my eyes wide.

And then, I can tell you, I was startled in truth; as who that has never been in the country would not have been, under the circumstances. For there, sitting astride my nose in an easy, self-satisfied fashion, I beheld a frightful creature, such as I had never seen before, whose nearness to my eyes made him seem a very monster, with terrible eyes, and a face all streaked and spotted with

colors. Had I been cool and brave at the moment, I know not what I might have done; but being, on the contrary, almost out of my wits with horror, I flipped the creature off instantly, to my great surprise and relief. But it was utterly needless; I found I could crush the creature to death with the heel of my boot, did I wish it. It was such a puny thing! Stooping, I examined it closely, it lay sprawling and kicking its many feet in the air.

It was pretty much the shape of my little finger, and, on the whole, not much bigger, although its little body seemed quite unable to get along with fewer than about a dozen little legs. To what class of insects it belonged, I'm sure I do not know; but be that class what it may, it is certain that this little creature was neither king nor lord of it, but rather something in the way of a servant; for I perceived on its gray-coated back three or four pair of little colored buttons, such as butlers have on the backs of their coats; and, moreover, there was a certain dignity about the fellow, or about his fluffy white whiskers, which he wore all along the sides of his body, as well as on his face. I have seen many creatures like this one since, and one day I showed one to Uncle Bill, and asked him what it was called. He said that it was often called the "Devil's Riding-horse," but that it really was a kind of "cat or pillar," whatever that may be.

However, while I was watching this "cat or pillar" or "devil's riding-horse," as you will, creeping now among the blades of grass, I caught sight of a fly, a little way off, trying to climb the slender stem of a tall flower. It was a country fly—not one of these delicate, little things which are born in a sugar-

bowl and live in a jelly-jar and die on a two-cent sheet of sticky paper, nor yet one of those wretched blue-bottles which may be seen in beer-room windows, sipping their fill from spilt drops of liquor, till, drunk and foolish, they dash their dizzy heads against the window-pane, or fall asleep in the hot sun and scorch to death; but this was a big, sturdy, healthy fly, with a jolly, coffee-brown face, and a bold, straight-forwardness of manner, that needed not even a pair of patched overalls to make me think of Uncle Bill.

It was great fun to watch him! His big feet would go stumbling over each other all the way up, till, just as he reached the top, he lost his hold, and then he would go sliding all the way down again, like a gay fellow "shooting the shutes." So long did he keep this up, that I began to think he was doing it merely for sport. But no; he was in earnest. He gained the top of the flower at length, and as he posed upon its golden pedestal, I am sure there was a smile upon his face. Indeed it seemed so; but I could not tell exactly. At any rate, he rubbed his foremost pair of legs together as vigorously as any man full of good wine and contentment ever rubbed his hands. Then, unable to contain himself, and all his joy, he kicked up his hindmost legs a few times, and buzzed away—to climb another stem, perhaps, foolish fly!

I now discovered that there were many more little creatures hopping and creeping in the grass all around me. Particularly, I noticed a very old-looking bug, who hobbled about from one place to another, pausing now and again to observe or taste or smell an herb, as if he were a scientific bug—or a humbug, it's hard to say which. And there was also

a fellow there, a very studious-looking fellow, with a head so big that it took six legs to carry that part of him alone, while his body was so small and unimportant in comparison, that it needed no legs at all, but simply hung on behind like a lamb's wooly tail. And what a remarkable creature—or rather, what a remarkable set of legs, for I could see little else of it—that straddled off sideways like a crab! And what a hopper there! And what a heap of tailless things! All tumbled and jumbled together in the direst confusion in the green grass. And right under me, too! I must have been lying on them when I slept! And crushing them! Horrors! And not knowing where to put my feet, I took to my heels with all speed, and did not stop running till I had gained the road again.

By this time it was almost dusk, and not wishing to be caught in the dark in a country so full of strange creatures that I knew nothing about, I set out again at a pretty fair gate—for me. It was cooler now, and strange birds had come out and were singing merrily on every tree I passed. Mosquitoes had come out, too,—oh! I knew these blood-thirsty little insects, having, on one occasion, been stung by some which had

wandered into the city, and which I had afterwards caught and kept in a bottle, as gentle reminders and great curiosities,—and I was kept quite busy with the pest; and once a little black aeroplane-thing, with wide-spread wings and a long tail, whizzed by me with a loud buzz.

I had not gone very far, however, when I heard the whistling of—I'm sure I did not know what. Looking about me to see whence came the beautiful notes I saw a happy country boy with his hands in his breeches pockets, who fled on seeing me; but the sight of him cheered up my spirit, and I felt that my destination could not be very far away.

In this I was right; for, a little farther on, I passed several orchards, and then came suddenly into a little square of houses, the most conspicuous of which was one with a large white sign in front, which informed me that it was the "P. O.," where "groceries, sugar, shoes and hardware" could be bought, as well as "fly-paper and woolen underwear that sticks." Some idle joker had, too, carved under it with a knife "Stamps for letters, one cent a-piece, and glue to stick 'em on with, ten cents a bottle."

C. C. P., '11.

MR. TUCKERMAN'S ADDRESS.

Monday morning, March 28th, after the regular exercises the school was addressed by Mr. Gustave Tuckerman, a staunch enemy of tuberculosis. Quoting but very briefly, he said: "I wish to speak with you this morning on the 'Care of the Body.' We are confronted to-day with a national calamity and a

national disgrace,—tuberculosis. It is a national calamity because over one hundred and fifty thousand die each year from it; it is a national disgrace because the disease is allowed to gain ground, when it is *really preventative*. . . . The annual cost of tuberculosis to Boston, per year is nine million dol-

lars; and the annual cost to the whole country, averaging eight thousand dollars per life, is one hundred million dollars a month. This is stupid and even criminal when the disease is *curable* and *preventative*. . . . We should watch for development and keeping up the constitution. . . . The germ lives only on a "run down" person. We must do with this disease what they did with yellow fever in Panama. . . . A determined effort with 2,000 men, destroyed the poisonous mosquitoes and wiped out the disease. . . . Your first care is to take care of your own health. Persons between the ages of fifteen and twenty-nine are most often subject to the disease. Ninety-eight per cent. of us have

it at some time; but the strongest of us throw it off. . . . Tuberculosis is too often the result of over work and under feeding. . . . You must do something rational, something definite for your own strength. Then help others. In this country there have been three great contests in the eternal struggle for human freedom. First, the struggle for political freedom in 1775, second, the struggle for racial freedom in the great Civil War, third, the struggle for economic freedom. . . . It is for you to take *your* part manfully in the fight against tuberculosis. . . . It is for you boys to live and see tuberculosis stamped out as men of to-day have seen yellow fever destroyed."

SCHOOL NOTES.

One of the daily newspapers, speaking of our successful prize drill, reported that "the ambitious young soldiers drilled in the presence of 2,000 enthusiastic relatives, friends, and *girl classmates*." Far be it from us to speak lightly of "fair womanhood," yet it will ever remain our desire—prejudiced, of course,—to see the oldest preparatory school in America remain, as it was founded, a school for the *sons* of America only. (Note:—The writer, strange as it may seem, is by no means an unhappy married man, nor is the above the last wail of disappointed and scorned sentiment. Already, however, he can see the dread storm of abuse that will fall on a truly devoted head, when the above appears in bold and deadly print. Happily, however, this paper has no "matrimonial column," and the writer may hope to avoid discovery by taking

refuge midst the "common herd" of his daily surroundings.)

On the morning of Prize Drill day, April 1, occurred the annual Prize Reading, in which sixteen boys appeared. The candidates were chosen in preliminary readings, at which the masters in the school were judges. The reading, of prose and poetry, lasted over an hour and a half. The judges made the usual sealed verdict, to be read on Prize Declamation Day, June 5.

The patronizers of our lunch-room, like all masters of finance, now deal wholly with checks, mere lucre being "thrown in the discard." The system of checks has long been in vogue among most of the other high schools in the city, but we now share the advantages;—also the checks, with friends unsuccess-

ful in financial operations on such a complex scale.

The following boys have been selected to speak at Prize Declamation on June 5: From Class I, L. O. Schwab, H. S. Stalker, Jr.; from Class II, W. F. Kelleley, R. A. Cutting; from Class III, L. Rubin, F. G. Montague; from Class IV, S. N. Morse, J. J. Mulcahy; from Class V, P. G. Rosay, F. H. Andrew; from Class VI, E. D. Seeley, F. V. S. Baldwin.

After these had been selected, the four best of the remaining declaimers, irrespective of class, were picked out. These are R. G. Wilson, Jr., J. Vaccaro, A. J. Mannix, J. Duff, Jr.

Concerning the annual Prize Drill in Mechanics' Building, we would seriously counsel one change for the better. We refer to the clause "seats reserved until 2.30," which in recent years at least, has been printed on each ticket. Giving considerable thought to the matter, we can see no possible advantage in such a rule, and certainly a great deal of inconvenience. Anyone who has interest enough to buy a seat in one of the front rows of the balcony certainly has an indisputable right to the seat for the afternoon. Should the person holding a ticket entitling him to a desirable seat be detained for some unavoidable reason; or even reaching the seat before the fatal moment, should he desire to leave it for a minute; because of this fact, is the seat public property? Because a cadet wishes to drill with his company after "2.30 p. m." must he sit apart from his friends for the rest of the afternoon, because somebody has taken legal possession of his chair? Though, happily

a majority of the spectators at our drills see the affair in a proper light and politely accede to reason, nevertheless there are everywhere persons ever ready to take advantage of such a clause as the one in question. In short, as Burke would say, "I move you that the clause 'seats reserved until 2.30' be stricken from our drill tickets."

A piece appeared in *The Herald* lately, eulogizing another of Latin School star athletes, John W. Churchward. It read as follows: "Boston Latin sends each year some of its fast athletes to Boston College. John W. Churchward, who captained the champion Latin School basket-ball five of a few years ago, is now in the junior class at Boston College, and is in the front rank of the all-round athletes of the institution. As a basket-ball player he is a remarkably speedy forward. For the last two seasons he has played with the College eleven and last fall distinguished himself by his skill in handling the forward pass and his hard and sure tackling. He lives in Roxbury and has been at Boston College since graduating from Boston Latin School three years ago."

"Joe" Kennedy, captain of Latin School's crack nine of 1908, is making good this spring at Harvard. It looks as if "Joe" had "a mortgage" on the first "sack" for this year. He is "hitting the ball a mile," too. When "Joe" was in Latin School, he won the cup offered by Mayor Fitzgerald for the best batting average of the Latin School nine.

We note that H. V. Bail, '09, played on the Harvard Freshman Lacrosse team recently.

"Bob" Jowett is rowing No. 3 in one of the crews at Harvard. He should make good, for "Bob" is a crack oarsman.

Mr. Pennypacker stated some facts, on the morning of Monday, April 11th, that should prove of interest to the school. He said: "To-day we start our work of the last part of the year; and the remaining school session from now until the end of June is interrupted to a great degree. It is the homestretch of the year's race. Many a boy starts out bravely at the beginning, and runs with speed and style for a while; it takes courage when exhausted by the rapid rate of the early running to make a strong ending. . . . If you have failed, now is the time to take a new, firm hold and make the end of the year count. These three months offer great possibilities for any boy near the line. . . . Let everyone during these three months, in spite of the fine weather outside and social pleasures, turn his mind to the business at hand; and the business at hand is *school work*. . . . We do not teach you here in this school those things that you can sell; things that can be seen. You cannot go out in the world, from here, and say 'I know this and I know that.' . . . We aim to give you power; to teach you how to overcome obstacles by grasping the thing nearest at hand and doing it with your might. . . Always do the very *next* duty. If you can do well, even moderately well, a distasteful task, you have accomplished much. The boy who can do what he doesn't like, fairly well, in after life can do the things he likes *extremely* well. The thing for you to get in early life is *power*; the will to work, the determination to do your whole duty."

The Class of 1910 is planning for its "first annual banquet," to take place at the City Club on the evening of May 7th. Arrangements have been almost completed, and everybody looks for a good time. The Class of 1910 is the first Senior Class of the Boston Latin School to have a banquet in recent years.

Contrary to expectation the members of the graduating class were requested to appear at school on the morning of Class Day, for the first two recitations. The school may be glad to learn that *this* was the cause of the surprising but good-natured indignation meeting at noon on Thursday, and not "a boxing match" as one of the teachers who joined the motley throng suspected. The Dissenters, after a lively session in the corridor outside Room 18, marched hopefully down stairs in search of the proper authorities to offer a humble petition. The school stood somewhat aghast, doubtless, for the number of the revolutionists were truly formidable, and such threats as "Votes for women" were freely expressed. In fact the terrible rumor fast spread that the entire Senior Class had gone over in a body to the cause of the Suffragettes. Happily for the peace of the land, such proved not the case. In the basement, close by the sacred confines of "Garden of Bliss," better known in these days, as the lunch-room, the band of sturdy patriots drew up in silent order, for the sake of freedom,—from two unexpected home-less-sons. It was an impressive moment. After an extensive (?) study of Burke, in Room 18, the speakers quoted "precedant," fierce but irremovable spirit of liberty in America," etc., etc. At last, by some subtle means, the delegates won

a concession, that is—the concession of the second period for the purpose of invoking the Muse of Song,—whoever she is. After which concession the triumphant insurgents passed from under the stern eyes of the “law,”—doubtless glad to escape with their lives.

We observe with feelings of deep concern the apparent “passing” of that famous old organization lovingly known to all sons of B. L. S., as the “Monday Morning Walking Club.” Perhaps this is but a temporary lapse into the ordinary walks of life; and this athletic society will soon enter on a renewed wave of prosperity.

Signs of spring! Have you noted the unusual greenness of the leaves and flowers,—and of your classmates in daily recitations. Also the ever-early appearance of an unusually large supply of “plums,” even in almost “zero” weather.

It is to be hoped that all our young lady friends realize that the attractive array of those stripes of a golden hue on our officers’ sleeves, signify rank only, and have no age significance. Why at

that rate, judging by the standard of Elevated conductors, policemen, etc., some of our dashing youths would apparently carry on their shoulders, or rather on their sleeves, the weight of some thirty years in the service.

Have you dug that spring suit out of the moth balls yet? And where is that straw hat you “got a quarter” on, in the region of Pleasant Street?

All facts concerning the interesting exercises during the afternoon and evening of April 22, will appear in the May *Register*, “Class Day Number.”

Everybody up for the last two numbers of the *Register*!

Just think how many misdemeanor marks away the twenty-fifth of June is!

The Senior Class Dance of the Boston Latin School is expected to be held about the last week of May.

We hear that the crew combine business with pleasure. Swimming in the waters of the Charles doubtless has its pleasures. And, oh you thrilling rescues!

ATHLETICS.

The baseball season has opened! Although in recent years at the Latin School, the national game, strangely enough, has received rather poor support, the nines turned out being especially weak in batting, this year’s team hopes to retrieve some of our lost laurels. The opening games of the season have been lost, it is true, but the exhibition put up by our team was encouraging, considering the fact that, almost without

exception, the fellows have never played with the “nine” before. The schedule:

April 13—Dorchester High.

16—Middlesex School.

19—Newton High.

23—Salem High.

30—Lawrence Academy.

May 4—Commercial High.

7—Open.

11—Open.

14—Open.

16—South Boston High.
 21—Somerville High.
 25—Boston College High.
 28—Medford High.
 30—Norwood High.
 June 4—St. John's Prep.
 6—English High.
 B. L. S., 7; D. H. S., 11.

The Boston Latin School opened her baseball season April 13, being defeated by the Dorchester High School at Dunbar Avenue by a score of 11-7. Although judging by the date of the month, the old-time hoodoo must have been against us, nevertheless our men put up a good stiff fight for the game.

The game opened with a fine two-bagger by Heyer. Kiley followed with a single between first and second. Captain Nelson flied out. Then Gill, the opposing pitcher, gave Graham his base on balls. There were three men on bases and only one out. At this point, Gill was taken out of the box and Brennan who had been playing in the outfield took his place. Halligan made a hit, scoring Kiley, as Heyer had been caught between third and home, when Carney, the next man, struck out. B. L. S. was retired with only one run. During Dorchester's half of the first two innings not a man reached first. Latin School scored one run in the third and fourth, and three in the fifth. Dorchester "woke up" in the last half of the third and by good hitting and the deadly errors of our men managed to get a lead that was never passed. White pitched good ball but received bad support. For Dorchester, Fraser excelled, getting four hits. Heyer, Kiley, Nelson, Graham, Halligan, Carney, Taylor, Keddie, White, Boles, and Gorman, played for the Latin School.

MIDDLESEX SCHOOL vs. LATIN.

On Saturday, April 16, Latin School was defeated by Middlesex School at Concord, 6-4. The game was closely contested throughout, the feature being the pitching of Boles, who pitched the last four innings for Latin School and allowed only two hits, striking out seven men. Halligan's home run and Graham's three-base hit were also features.

NEWTON HIGH vs. LATIN.

On Tuesday, April 19, Latin experienced a defeat from Newton High School, 5-0. The game was fast and interesting during the earlier innings, the score being 0-0, when Newton came to bat in the fourth. In that inning a base-hit, a man hit by the pitcher, and a two-base-hit netted two runs. Newton then gradually drew away from Latin, scoring three more runs on a lucky combination of hits and errors.

THE CREW.

The candidates for the school crew have already been called out and under the direction of Mr. Greer, the coach, we should make a good showing on the river. No races have been held as yet, but barring one accident the work of the fellows has been very satisfactory. The candidates are: Temple, Macneill, Capt., O'Hare, Soucy, Munroe, Harrington, Robinson, Tate, Burnett, Gersumsky, Ayer and Hinckley.

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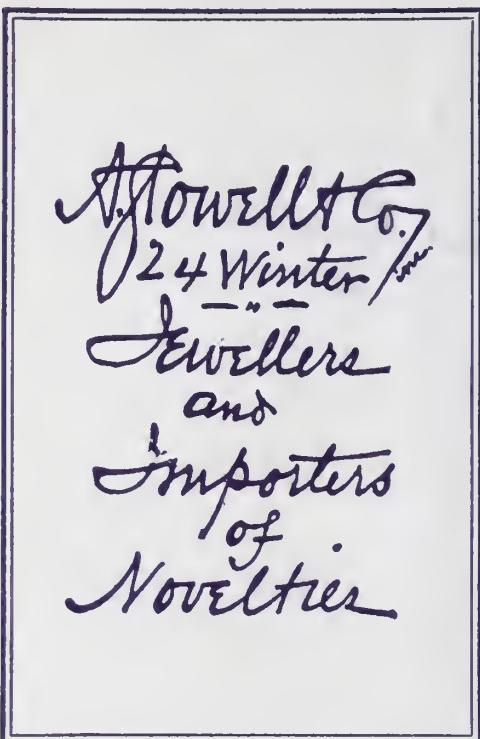
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